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tant in New Jersey. From the description given of the beast it is supposed to have escaped from a morning paper cartoon.

## THE ELECTION.

As these words were written it can truly be said, in stereotyped phrase, that "election is progressing quietly." The EVENING WORLD trusts and believes that the same statement will hold true for the whole time of voting.

It is a noble and a dignified mission upon which American citizenship goes to the polls to-day. Such an occasion should never be marred by acts of violence or disorder. It never will be where citizens' prerogatives have full sway and where there is no unseemly interference with the rights and liberty of the voters.

Davenportism wants something of a shadow on to-day's proceedings. That assumption of Federal power at the polls of a Free State, which results in the placing of 7,000 hirelings of a day (at \$5 each) about this city's voting precincts is an insult to the integrity of the city and the State. That it would be so considered was made promptly manifest in public print and elsewhere when a few days ago it began to be bruited about that the interference from Washington was to be more pronounced than at any previous election. It is probably true that the public protest then made resulted in a considerable modification of the Federal plans.

Idiotisms were, this morning, that the city vote would be polled very early, which was a gratifying sign, indicating real interest in the election and heavy returns.

## GREAT YACHT RACE PROMISED.

To-day it appears that the prospects for an international yacht race for the America's Cup have brightened appreciably. This is good news. There is promise that it will be followed in a few days by the still better news that a formal challenge has been issued by Lord Dunsany to the American yachtmen.

All that has been needed to bring about the certainty of a race for the cup has been a spirit of contestation and mutual accommodation between the Englishmen and Americans directly interested. This spirit seems now to prevail, and the way is open for a great contest in an especially interesting branch of sport.

A fine thing about a great yacht race is that the inspiration therefrom does not end with the winning and losing of the struggle. It extends afterwards to the yacht-building, and thence, indirectly, to whole shipbuilding interests. This will be one reason, aside from considerations of immediate National glory, why the race for the America's Cup will draw an absorbing international interest.

## AGAIN THE AMBULANCE SURGEON.

Yet again a Chambers Street Hospital ambulance surgeon looms into prominence. "Drunk and shamming," was his supercilious edict when called to a police station to look at a man who was found lying in the street, and who claimed to have a broken leg.

Next morning in Police Court the man showed that he was not able to walk. The Justice sent for a surgeon, and there came the one who pretended to examine the prisoner the day before. But the second time trying he was able to discover a bad sprain, all the worse for prolonged neglect.

It's pretty nearly time that the day of this sort of a public hospital attaché should be ended.

## THE PRINCE AND THE CINCIS.

The foreign nobleman who has heretofore exclusively confined his efforts to lassoing the American heiress and leading her to the hymeneal altar has now found a new opening for his business talents. He is bucking against the bookmakers, playing 100 to 1 shots in the pool-rooms and hoping to cripple the United States Treasury by his winnings before he gets through.

When this information through police channels, Prince Galitzin, of Russia, has been doing some plunging in a Broadway fortune-factory where money is made easily by the proprietor on account of the enthusiasm with which the patrons of the place bet on the slowest horses. The Prince knows a horse from a hen show, or thinks he does, and has been doing his own lassoing with regularity and resignation. But a few days ago he got up against a tout who had a gold-brick "cinch," and the Prince gave him \$300 to play on it. The tout and the Prince have not met since then; hence the latter's visit to Police Headquarters yesterday.

Russian prince has, of course, as much right as anybody else to play the races, but while he is so engaged on these shores he has no right to interfere with the American citizen's proud prerogative of losing money on "straight tips." Still, if it keeps him off the American heiress and provides him a livelihood otherwise than by marrying one, we ought to let him go a reef or two of our punctiliousness and permit the Prince to monkey with the "cinch" all he likes.

For the sixth time Mrs. GRANNIS will appear at the polls to-day and demand the right to vote. There is a certain amount of heroism in that, but not the kind that will gain her a place in the records of woman's brave deeds at the Columbian Exposition.

What a spectacle! A consumptive wife and her five little children begging in police court for the discharge of a drunken husband and father, his frail promise to reform and support them being all they can see between them and starvation.

Mr. CLEVELAND has disposed of the story that he slighted the veterans in the recent parade by pronouncing it a "gratuitous and malicious lie." His denial was unnecessary. Nobody believed the story, not even the men who started it.

Great Expectations. (From *Times* Articles.) Teacher—Your exercise is full of mistakes. Haven't you got any brother or sister at home who could help you get up your exercise? Little John—I haven't got a brother or sister yet, but we are expecting one pretty soon now.

In New Jersey recently a traveller on horseback was attacked by a wildcat, an animal not generally supposed to be es-

## "A GILDED FOOL."

Nat Goodwin, an actor who has got to be funny or die, appeared in a brand-new, tailor-made play called "A Gilded Fool" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night. It was an American comedy by Henry Guy Carlton, who has probably studied Mr. Goodwin very closely and with great measure with great accuracy. The piece gives the actor every chance to be inordinately humorous, to say queer, quaint things, and to capture every laugh that is floating around, but it also provides him with effective pathos—by way of trimming his suit—so that every now and then funny Nat gives a little dab of melancholy. You always know when to expect the melancholy. There is slow music—sweet, soft strains. The fun has suddenly ceased. You settle yourself in your seat, apply your handkerchief to your eyes, then you wallow in the tailor-made address.

Chaucer short, the gilded fool, is a queer sort of a creature. If he were alive he would be a great addition to the Zoo. Yet he is amusing and entertaining—like a good number of other freaks. Chaucer is fearfully funny. The only thing that can induce him to do you with the melancholy to which he is so prone is that he is a miser. He loves the fragrance of the roses. They affect his mind. Yet he can crack jokes about the death of his father. Poor father hated antiquity, and he carried his dislike to such extremes that he even died of new-moonia. (He! He!)

Chaucer is dragged into an insolvent firm by a rascal. He loves the daughter of one of the partners, and thus gives rise to a perfect torrent of melancholy drama. The rascally partner is brought to bay (brought to bay is good) by a Scotland Yard detective disguised as a clergyman, and Chaucer Short, having proved himself to be such a bungler that his early stagey becomes a tragedy, enters the firm and marries its daughter. He forgives the rascally partner in a truly noble way. In fact, Chaucer never loses an opportunity to get himself liked. He is perpetually angling for the affections of the audience, seeking out their weak spots.

There was an immense audience at Nat's Garden last night when Dr. Carver appeared in a wild Western play called "The Scout." It is just the kind of a play that is popular, but, somehow or other, it is so very evident, so exceedingly palpable.

The heroine of the play is a fearful foil—old enough to know better. She loves the hero in Act I, but she is positively determined that she won't be his little Act IV.

There was plenty of music and patriotism (they are synonymous terms) on the stage at Hammerstein's Columbia Theatre in Harlem last night when the play "The Scout" was given. The play was a good one, and the many changes made in the play have improved it.

Mr. French's pretty little Garden Theatre was well filled last night with the amateurs of the Kismet and the "Hobnob and Hood," which was sung at that house. Jessie Bartlett Davis, Tom Karl, Camille D'Arville and the other members of the Garden Theatre were in their best, which is saying a great deal. The opera was faultlessly staged. The favorite airs were vociferously cheered.

Across the Continent was the play at the People's Theatre last night, with Oliver Doud Byron in the leading role. The play is a thing of beauty, and the actors are all of them wonderfully exaggerated, and there is much human interest in them. Mr. Byron was in his best, and the play was a good one. The cast was a good one, and the many changes made in the play have improved it.

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## CHANGES AT THE THEATRES. GOSSIP OF RING AND FIELD.

Hayes New and Old as Seen at Various Houses.

Hopkins's Transcendental, a New Organization, at Proctor's.

Proctor's Theatre. A brand-new organization called Hopkins's Transcendental began two weeks' engagement at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last night. It was headed by the versatile Trevor, and included Melville and Seton, the Nizkor and Kite, the best music by Larry Allen, the Zandretta Troupe, Marguerite Fish and Charles Warren, the Dixon Brothers, Whittier and Leonard and Stettin. Of this organization it is more than enough to say.

Harlem Opera-House. "Miss Helpert," the musical farce by Andre and Houchard, Americanized by David Belasco, was played last night at the Harlem Opera-House. Houchard would scarcely recognize his work in the agreeable entertainment constructed by the fertile Belasco. Mrs. Louise Dudley Leslie Carter was again seen as the quakeress, and she was supported by Kate Davis, the best number of the cast.

Grand Opera-House. "I am so glad," said Edwin Booth, when he heard that Corbett had won the fight with John Sullivan, "that the championship has not gone out of our profession." As a member of "our profession," Mr. Corbett appeared last night at the Grand Opera-House in a play called "Scoundrel's Luck." The pugilist was not at all awkward, and as he is a good deal of a scoundrel, he is a very creditable scoundrel. He was the central figure of a conventional story.

Nihil's Garden. There was an immense audience at Nihil's Garden last night when Dr. Carver appeared in a wild Western play called "The Scout." It is just the kind of a play that is popular, but, somehow or other, it is so very evident, so exceedingly palpable.

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Mitchell's Forfeit May Cause Corbett to Change His Mind.

Chicago Hurling for the Championship Rowing Regatta.

Field sports on the card for to-day are varied and of uncommon excellence. Football, to be sure, has the call, and several highly important rugby battles will be fought. The soft, springlike weather, a trifle too warm, by the way, for this season of the year, will be conducive to a thorough enjoyment of the pleasures of the silent stead of speed and rubber, and so also will prove a sorry day for cross-country sprinting and the like.

The big-limbed, iron-musled men of brown, who think it only a pleasure to mix up in mildly sturdily the tattered turf in the huts for goals and touchdowns are imperious alike to a blistering or numbing atmosphere. Any sort of a day suits them, and they are just as happy wallowing knee-deep in frosty mud if only the scrimmage is feverish enough on both sides.

For a few days "slogology" has been lost in the shuffle, so to speak, by the all-absorbing tale of football; but the opening at the Grand Opera-House of his pompous old thing, "Gentleman Jack," has once again set things a-bumming. Corbett has steadfastly maintained that he wouldn't do a fight for a year; that is, in a serious "knock-out" way. Still, his shell-shaped auld tauld organs tingled when he was told that "Chawley, of Albion's shores, had posted a forfeit for an argument with him and that he contemplated sailing for the States very soon.

Jim unbent from his stand of adamant and appeared hungry for a run-in with the Britisher. There isn't any more love lost between the two than there is between two rival soubrettes in a farce-comedy troupe of to-day. Now, Jim intimates that if Mitchell has really put a bundle of the "long green" to Corbett, he will be ready to match, why he'll have to think it over a bit. He isn't sticking out so much for the year's lay-off clause as he was, and he declares that whatever his backer, Phil Dwyer, says, it goes every time.

Mr. Dwyer is like the Indian with his ear to the ground, he is listening for footfalls from the ground. He has heard that Mitchell is anything but a "Chief Wankleski" of slugging. "Chawley, of Albion's shores, has married George Crawford, the then Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, and for many long years was content to be her husband's better half.

The historian Xenophon relates that when Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire, had taken captive a young Prince of Armenia together with his beautiful and blooming wife, of whom he was remarkably fond, they were brought before the tribunal of Cyrus to receive their sentence. The warrior inquired of the Prince what he would give to be reinstated to his kingdom, and he replied that he valued his crown and his liberty at a very low rate, but if the noble conqueror would restore his beloved wife to her former dignity and possessions he would willingly pay his life for the purchase. The prisoners were dismissed to enjoy their freedom and former honors, and each was lavish in praise of the conqueror.

"And you," said the Prince, addressing his wife, "what think you of Cyrus?" "I did not observe him," she replied. "Not observe him?" exclaimed her husband, "upon whom, then, was your attention fixed?" "Upon that dear and generous man," she replied, "who declared his readiness to purchase my liberty at the expense of his life."

Salads are not as universally appreciated as they should be. To many the preparing of a salad seems a laborious task. It is not as much work as it appears to be, so many of the dressings, which are the chief part, can be prepared beforehand. The dressing should not be added to a salad till just before serving, as it becomes watery if mixed long before being used. This is an excellent way to dispose of remains of fish, vegetables, poultry and meats of various kinds.

Points About Finger Nails. Broad nails indicate a gentle, mild and beautiful nature. People with narrow nails are ambitious and quarrelsome. Small nails indicate littleness of mind, obstinacy and conceit. Longers of knowledge and liberal sentiment have round nails. Choleric, martial men, delighting in war, have red and spotted nails. Nails growing into the flesh at the points and sides indicate luxurious tastes.

Weather in a Coffee Cup. To discover the weather secrets of the coming six hours or so, all you have to do is to drop two lumps of "best loaf" exactly into the centre of a cup filled with coffee and milk, in just proportions, and then to watch the surface of that refreshing beverage. Gaseous bubbles will presently arise and gather together in a group or groups. If they make a sudden rush to the side of the cup "much rain" will be the order of the day. Should their eccentric movement be performed with steady deliberation, "showery" will be the word. If, however, they retain their central station, slowly rotating and slowly turning, the thermometer that does not know its "set fair," may be assumed not to know its business.

Saegre Night-Gown. Six to eight yards of three-inch lace will trim a nightgown as shown in the illustration, and three and a half yards of longior will complete the gown. The neck is finished with a narrow band made double and the laced lace placed between, while a second row is sewn on lower down, just at the base of the band.